Bestiary

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Bestiary

by SkyeMarsters

Summary

And so the adventures continue for our Witchers at long last! <3 Monsters, mayhem, and massive amounts of leather outfits await us on our journey.

Notes

Hannibal is visited by an incubus one night in his dreams. Will must save him, but the only way the incubus will release Hannibal from its clutches is if Will does whatever it says…

This story takes place within my Witchers AU.

Created with something akin to love for the Just Fuck Me Up Kink Fest. My biggest challenge? Writing smut in general, since I usually try and sidestep around the nitty gritty details. Headed in without a clear idea of what I wanted, but my witchers seemed to know exactly what needed to go down, sooo blame them. Please pay attention to the tags before you read, and I hope you enjoy! Happy Kink Fest, Fannibals! xoxo

*I am my own beta, so any mistakes are my own and utterly embarrassing.

See the end of the work for more notes

I is for Incubus

A familiar sound makes Will stir awake beside Hannibal. It takes a moment, as it always does when they're staying over in an unfamiliar village, for the young witcher to recall his surroundings. At first, he thinks they're on an unusually soft patch of grass, as per their usual fare, but when he shifts to swing his arm around Hannibal's waist and sees the goblet sitting on the nightstand beside the bed on which they are actually lying, he remembers their location to be the White Orchard Inn. With a grin, he recalls the evening they had spent together, sipping Toussaint wine, enjoying their shared tipsiness and then sharing each other, first in the stables when they'd seen that Winston was comfortable, second in the inn room, up against the wall, and lastly, on top of the hay-stuffed mattress. When they had finally exhausted themselves (a considerable feat for two witchers' libidos) they'd collapsed against one another, sweaty and spent, and drifted into dreams. Witchers did not sleep often, usually opting to meditate instead to restore their stamina and strength, but Hannibal and Will were light sleepers, and they were used to, at this point, indulging in a post coital rest, pressed cozily together.

So when Will hears the familiar sound, a deep, rumbling moan blossoming from Hannibal's lips, he grins and smoothes his hand up Hannibal's chest, his fingers skimming affectionately over the thick mat of chest hair. It's not unusual for the older witcher to wake him up in the night for further attentions, and Will is always eager to oblige him in whatever way he can. He nuzzles into the crook of Hannibal's arm and hums his delight. But the strong arms Will expects to wrap around his hips and pull him closer do no such thing. Hannibal simply continues to lie there.

For an amused moment, Will suspects Hannibal has drifted back to sleep, and he kisses the man's chest before letting his own eyes slide back shut. Then the moan repeats, deeper and longer this time, and Will lifts up to his elbow to survey the man beneath him. Hannibal is lying on his back, silver-blond hair splayed out on the pillow, eyes closed, lips parted, and he is, without a doubt, asleep. But he is also, without a doubt, moaning a moan so familiar to Will that it is impossible to mistake for anything else. And when Will runs his hand down Hannibal's torso, beneath the covers hiding their nakedness, he finds a hot, hard length against his palm. At the touch, another moan escapes Hannibal's lips, and Will smiles wide, squeezing the rigid cock in his hand and tugging lightly, just enough to coax another needy noise.

With expectant, electric blue eyes, cat-like pupils sharp as daggers, Will watches Hannibal and waits for his eyes to flutter open, for his mouth to split into a smirk, for him to come to wakefulness, so Will can make him come again, maybe this time in his mouth. Will chuckles softly to himself at the thought, at his insatiable lust for the man beside him whose large, pulsing erection he holds heavy in his comparably small fist. He tugs again, a bit rougher this time, and leans his face in close so his lips can brush teasingly over the sensitive skin of Hannibal's neck. Then Will nips him, his teeth biting nearly hard enough to leave a mark, and he purrs lustily against Hannibal's warm skin and tightens his fist. He lets his eyes flash back up and looks at the sleeping man through thick black lashes.

“How are you still asleep right now?” Will asks, half to himself, half to the frustratingly unconscious man in his grasp. Will relents, releases Hannibal’s hardness and sits up fully in the bed. He watches the man in silence for a few minutes, eyes narrowed suspiciously, and as soon as Will assumes the moaning has ended and begins to lie back down, Hannibal makes the sound again, and this time it is loud enough to send Will’s eyes darting toward the doorway. He can only guess what the other patrons at the Inn must be thinking. And they would be partially correct. Hannibal was definitely making sex noises. Will frowns as the moan fills his ears again, and he wonders what is happening in the man’s dream.

“Don’t tell me you’re jealous,” comes a velvet smooth voice from the corner of the room.

Will jumps from the bed, his silver sword lifted in front of him within seconds. He stands, poised and naked, eyes searching wildly for the voice’s owner.

“Who is there?” Will demands, and in his peripheral he sees that Hannibal still does not stir from sleep. A vibration begins against his chest, where Will’s wolf head medallion rests. “My medallion is trembling,” Will says to the apparent emptiness of the room. “I know you’re here. Reveal yourself, monster.”

“Monster?” the voice croons at Will’s back, and the young witcher spins deftly on his bare heels to face the freshly revealed creature occupying the room. “Do I look like a monster to you?”

Will hastily blows at the hair that has fallen over his eyes, and his dark curls with a thick, white lock tumbles away from his face. He studies the thing that has appeared in the shadows of the room. It looks like a handsome young man, not unlike Will himself, only this striking figure has long, golden hair and tan skin that almost glows, and petal pink lips. A beautiful thing, this thing before him, but it is no man. Will’s eyes travel the length of its body, past smooth skin and sleek muscle, all the way to the floor, where cloven hooves complete the image. He sniffs the air and detects a hint of tell-tale sulfur.

Hannibal moans from the bed, and this time sound is accompanied by movement as his hands fist the sheets. Will throws him a worried glance, and then returns his eyes to the golden haired creature, glaring disgustedly.

“Incubus,” Will seethes, and the creature, which is indeed a class of monster, claps its hands languidly and steps forward, its hooves clipping against the hardwood floor.

“Witcher,” the incubus says pleasantly. “I hope you don’t mind me taking your boyfriend for a little spin.”

Will steps forward until the tip of his silver sword is against the hollow of the monster’s throat. “I do mind, in fact. Release him this instant and maybe I will allow you to live.”

The incubus laughs at the threat and lifts a hand to caress down the length of Will’s sword, utterly unconcerned by the weapon’s proximity. “I don’t think that’s how I wish for this encounter to play out,” it says. “And I think you’d better do exactly what I tell you to do, or I will drain Hannibal within an inch of his life. And then I’ll take that too. With pleasure.”

The incubus flashes bright white teeth at Will and flicks the young witcher's sword from his hands. Will watches with awe as it clatters against the wall on the opposite side of the room, and then he stares at the incubus incredulously, naked and unarmed. The incubus cackles with glee and Hannibal writhes on the bed, his back arching high. He moans breathlessly, a sheen of sweat beginning to bead his brow.

"Leave him alone!" Will bellows at the comely beast, and the incubus strides to the bed, where it sits casually, one leg draping over the other, its cloven feet swinging playfully.

"I think not," it says. "I think you will do just as I say. Do it well, and I will let your lover live. Do it poorly and he will never wake from his dream. Although, if it's any comfort, I'd wager he's rather enjoying it." As if on cue, Hannibal cries out in pleasure, bucking up his hips, and the incubus cocks a golden eyebrow at Will. "Wouldn't you say?"

Will swallows the lump in his throat, still glaring at the incubus, though all his other senses remain carefully trained on Hannibal. The scent of musky arousal fills Will's nostrils and he grimaces at the blatant lust caused by another. In a reluctant, smallish voice, Will says, "What do you want me to do?"

The incubus crooks its finger, summoning Will toward the bed. "I want you to pull down the sheets and bare him," it states, its voice coated with an easy authority, slipping smoothly from its monster's tongue.

Will steps forward until he is standing beside the bed. The incubus is sitting cross-legged at the foot of it, its mischievous eyes studying Will's every move. Will releases a tense sigh and leans down to pick up the edge of the sheet covering Hannibal. He does not fear the incubus, for he has faced enough monsters during his time as a witcher, but he is afraid. For Hannibal. If he is truly in the creature's thrall, there is little Will can do to save him. All he can reasonably do is exactly as he's told and hope the incubus holds true to its word.

In a dream, Hannibal is being fucked by this monster, and if it continues for too long, the incubus will drain him to exhaustion, followed swiftly by death. Will clenches the thin fabric between his fingers and pulls until the sheets are removed and drifting in a heap on the floor beside cloven hooves. Both Will and the incubus take a timeout to appreciate the nude man sprawled long and sweaty on the mattress. Hannibal's throat works, and his pouted lips part with desperate little pants. Will bites his own lip with sympathy and then looks over his shoulder at the incubus.

"Happy?" he asks, and the creature flips its long silky hair over its shoulders and massages its own neck with a luxurious groan of satisfaction.

"Mmm," it answers, licking its lips. "Join us on the bed."

Will's breath hitches, and he obeys the command, sitting awkwardly on the edge, as far from the incubus as he can manage. Behind him, he can feel Hannibal's fists clenching and unclenching against the mattress. He appraises the monster with lifted brows, feigning boredom.

The incubus is smiling, has never stopped smiling in fact, and when it speaks again, it is in a voice lyrical and hypnotic. “Mount him.”

The bed creaks from Will’s weight as he shifts, balancing to his knees and shuffling further on to the mattress. His foot accidentally brushes against the incubus’ thigh and he shivers with revulsion. Will pauses for a moment as he considers how best to proceed, but the monster at his back does not allow for him to tarry long before demanding action.

“Spread your thighs and straddle his hips, a knee on either side of his frame,” it says.

Will does it, but his movements are jerky, as if he hasn’t been in this very same position countless times before. But it is terribly different now, with the incubus watching him, and with Hannibal unconscious beneath him. The older witcher’s head tilts back and forth against his pillow, and his long wisps of silver hair stick damply to his forehead. Will instinctually reaches out a hand to cup Hannibal’s cheek, and he feels a sharp sting at his back that makes him jump. He whips his head around at the incubus, whose hand is lifted, a tiny ball of flame hovering above his palm.

“Did you just burn me?” Will asks angrily.

“Did you just touch him without my saying so?” the incubus replies saucily.

Will blanches and removes his hand from Hannibal’s face. The skin on his back feels hot, but the body beneath him is hotter, and it is to the latter he directs his attentions.

“Put your finger in his mouth,” the incubus says next, and Will lifts a shaky hand back up to Hannibal’s face, where his lips are already parted, open wide with heavy, gasping breaths of pleasure. Will slowly touches his pointer finger against Hannibal’s lips, soft and slick from where he has drooled slightly, and after a brief hesitation, he places his finger in Hannibal’s mouth.

“Rub it on his tongue,” instructs the incubus. “Get it wet.”

The vulgar language makes Will cringe, but he complies, pressing the pad of his finger gently against Hannibal’s tongue. As if Hannibal knows on a subconscious level that Will’s finger is there, he seals his lips around it, and his cheeks hollow as he sucks it further into the hot wetness of his mouth. Will cannot suppress the wave of pleasure that jolts through him at the response. Conscious or not, Hannibal’s mouth on any part of Will always delivers a similar result, and his cock twitches against Hannibal’s stomach.

“Another finger,” the incubus tells him, and Will adds a second digit. Hannibal’s mouth sucks eagerly at the addition, and Will bites his lip at the sensation of Hannibal’s tongue lapping hungrily around his fingers. When the incubus says, “Another,” Will furrows his brow marginally, but does as he’s told and slips in a third. Hannibal’s lips stretch into a pleasing ‘o’ around them, and Will feels another jolt of arousal pulse through his groin.

“Slide them in and out of his mouth,” the incubus says, and Will can feel the monster inching closer to them on the bed, though he dares not turn around again to look. He lets his fingers push deeper into Hannibal’s mouth before sliding them slowly out again. Hannibal’s hips lift

from the mattress, lifting Will with him, and their cocks rub together, Will nearly matching him in hardness now.

“Fuck his mouth with your fingers,” comes the next insistent instruction, and Will increases his speed, dipping his fingers further and faster, groaning at the tightness of Hannibal’s lips fastened against him. Will’s other hand is placed on Hannibal’s hip to steady himself as Hannibal continues to rub their groins roughly together.

“Stop,” says the incubus, and Will stops. “Take your fingers from his mouth and circle them over your hole.”

This does make Will turn around, and when he does he is startled by how near the incubus has drawn. Beneath him, moaning with raspy breaths, Hannibal continues to suck at Will’s fingers.

“Your asshole,” the incubus verifies slowly with comically patient eyes, as though Will is an ignorant. “Remove your fingers from his mouth and circle them over your asshole.”

Will blinks at the beautiful monster in bed with them, and pulls his fingers out of Hannibal’s mouth. Hannibal’s lips are so tight around them, they make a wet popping noise when they’re freed, and Will feels slickness against his stomach as Hannibal’s cock leaks pre-cum against his skin. He shudders out a helplessly stimulated breath, and reaches his hand around his back to touch against his opening.

He has to lift up on his knees a bit to reach, and his thighs tremble with the effort, but he follows the instructions of the incubus and rubs small circles around the tight ring of muscle.

“Now stick them in,” the incubus demands, its voice taking on a slightly harsher tone.

Will makes to push in the tip of one finger, and yelps when he feels the sharp sting of fire spark against his back. “What was that for?!” he asks the incubus, forcing his eyes to remain on Hannibal.

“All three,” says the voice behind him, so close now Will can feel its breath on his neck.

“All three, right away?” Will asks and another spark of fire licks at his back. He shifts away from it, making his erection rub hot against Hannibal’s, and a strange moment passes as they both release a moan in tandem.

“Do it now,” the incubus breathes against Will’s neck.

He takes a deep breath and tries to relax his body, but the push in is a difficult one, and Hannibal’s spit on his fingers does little to ease the pain of the wide breach. Three fingers, all at once, push at his hole, and Will clenches his teeth in pain as he forces them in. The ache is relentless and so are Will’s fingers as he continues to bury them deep, and when the incubus finally commands him to stop, his fingers are knuckle deep in his ass, and he’s shaking. His forehead is dripping with sweat, and a droplet travels down his brow, over his cheek, and falls fat and salty on Hannibal’s belly.

“Good little witcher,” praises the incubus as it wraps its hand around Will’s wrist.

Will startles at the touch, but the incubus’ other hand holds fast against Will’s waist, rendering him immobile. Will gasps as the incubus pulls him down, impaling him roughly onto his own fingers, forcing him to thrust cruelly and quickly into his hole. The rhythm must pull at Hannibal’s magically altered attention, because his hands come to rest on Will’s thighs, and his nails drag sharply over the tender, pale flesh, drawing bloody red lines.

He wants to push the incubus away and throttle him, but Will looks down at Hannibal, trapped in a deadly, sensual dream, and allows the incubus to continue guiding his fingers. This pain is worth it, he knows. Anything is worth it for Hannibal’s life.

Once the incubus is satisfied with the elasticity of Will’s stretched opening, it pulls Will’s fingers out and relinquishes his wrist. Its other hand, however, remains in contact with Will’s skin, sliding up from his hip to grasp around the back of his neck, where it pulls Will’s curls between its fingers.

“Suck,” the incubus directs, and it yanks Will further down on Hannibal’s legs, and then bends him forward. Will barely has time to breathe before Hannibal’s throbbing cock is pushing past his lips. The incubus holds Will fiercely by the nape and keeps him sunk low onto Hannibal’s considerable length as he chokes. Will fights for oxygen through his nose while Hannibal’s cockhead nudges against the back of his throat. Will has taken Hannibal into his mouth before, but never like this, never this deep, and never this long without being released for air. When Will raises his arms desperately at his sides, the incubus burns him with its sparks of fire until Will lowers them again. Hannibal moans, and thrusts into Will’s mouth, and lines of spit dribble from the corners of Will’s lips as he takes Hannibal’s cock again and again, deep and painful every time.

At last, the incubus relents and pulls Will off of Hannibal, yanking him by the curls with such brutality, Will sees stars in front if his eyes.

“Sit on his cock,” the incubus whispers in Will’s ear, its hand slinking from the back of Will’s neck to the front, where its fingers press hot and firm against Will’s elegant throat.

Will nods and scoots further up Hannibal’s body. He can feel the incubus moving with him, so close now it is flush with Will’s back.

“Lift up,” the incubus says, and when Will pulls up on his knees, the incubus snakes its hand out to grasp Hannibal’s hard cock and hold it straight up. “Sit.”

Will feels Hannibal’s wide tip rub against his opening, and when the incubus asserts more pressure against Will’s throat, he sinks down on it, gasping as he’s slowly split in two with no more preparation than his own rough fingers and spit. The stretch is familiar, but the sense of terror accompanying it is certainly not, and when Will has taken him all the way inside, he sits, breathing heavy, eyes bright and wet on Hannibal, who licks his lips and continues to moan, fast asleep, still in the thrall of the incubus.

The incubus no longer uses words to command Will’s actions, but its whole body, the hand not on his throat wrapping tightly around Will’s waist, its hips urging Will’s hips into a

rhythm, keeping pressed against Will's back as it forces Will to ride Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal's body responds, and his hands slide up Will's thighs and tighten around his hips, and he spurs Will even faster, pushing him up and down in heady, deep thrusts that leave Will's brain buzzing. He's dizzy as he's worked on Hannibal's huge length, his hole stretching and squeezing and growing wet with what must be his own blood. Will groans from the pressure, pain, and inevitable pleasure he feels beginning to coil in his stomach.

"Mmm," the incubus sighs hot against Will's neck, pushing him to move faster. "Good little witcher. Harder. Feel him so deep inside you, piercing you, fucking you, you filthy, naughty little witcher."

Will throws his head back to rest against the incubus' shoulder, and the monster presses its fingers roughly against Will's windpipe, still smiling. The touch makes Will moan, a desperately wanton sound, and he begins to ride Hannibal's cock with abandon. The only sound in the room is skin slapping against skin and labored, panting breaths, and the quiet, sweet murmurs from the incubus in Will's ear urging him ever faster, harder, more, more, more.

Will can't breathe. His heart is beating wildly in his chest. But he can't stop, doesn't want to stop, will never stop. He's only vaguely aware of Hannibal's hands smoothing up his sweat soaked body.

And then, quite suddenly, Hannibal sits straight up, reaches his hands past Will's head, and grabs the incubus by the throat. Hannibal's eyes fly open, he winks at Will, and then he twists his hands. There is a loud, unpleasant crack, and the weight at Will's back disappears. Will turns, open mouthed, and observes the body of the dead incubus on the ground beside the bed, its head twisted halfway around its neck. Its hooves twitch, and then it is still.

"Hannibal!" Will yells, turning back to face him. The older witcher thrusts up, reminding Will that he's still inside, and Will sighs and lets his head fall against the man's strong shoulders. "Are you okay? I was so worried," he whispers, letting his hips roll slowly, happy to feel Hannibal inside of him now that the danger has passed, soreness be damned. Hannibal lifts Will's face and brings him close, kissing him softly on the lips. And then a thought occurs to Will, and he pulls away, eyebrows raised in alarm. "Wait – how did you wake up? The incubus said it wouldn't release you until I'd done everything it told me."

Hannibal's lips quirk. "I know. I heard."

"You…what? You HEARD?" Will asks, confused.

Hannibal's smirk grows wider and he presses a line of sweet kisses across the bruises on Will's throat. "I was awake."

"You were AWAKE?" Will asks, slapping Hannibal's hands away as they comb lovingly though his damp curls. "You weren't a prisoner in a lusty monster dream?"

"No," Hannibal tells Will as he continues to pepper his skin with kisses and resumes slow, lazy thrusts. "I spotted the incubus when we first arrived in White Orchard, and took the

necessary precautions against its attack. I was never in any danger, my love."

Will wants to be angry, wants to pull off of Hannibal and find Winston in the stables and ride off without him, teach him a lesson. But the rhythm Hannibal is setting feels too good, and he bites his lip as he rolls his eyes at his witcher.

"If you were awake that entire time," Will begins, "why didn't you kill the incubus right away?"

Hannibal sets his lips against Will's, a hard, demanding, loving kiss, and then he pulls away and brushes the white strand of hair that has fallen over Will's eyes. "I was curious what would happen."

E is for Endrega

Winston whinnies as Hannibal pets her neck and holds out his hand. She nuzzles into him and accepts the treat, crunching loudly into the sweet apple.

“You spoil her,” Will says, and Hannibal grins to himself before turning to face his younger companion. Will is standing in the moonlight, one hand on his hip, the other rustling through his hair, combing the wild curls from his eyes.

“Are you not also spoiled?” Hannibal asks, taking a languid step forward. “Even more so than our beast of burden, perhaps?”

Will smiles wide as he matches Hannibal’s forward step with one of his own. “Take a look, Hannibal,” he says, an unmistakable glint catching in his bright blue eyes. “Do I look spoiled to you?” Slowly, he turns, pivoting gracefully on the balls of his booted feet. He stops with his backside facing the older witcher and glances at him over his shoulder.

Hannibal closes the shallow distance between them and sets his hand lightly on Will’s waist, his palm smoothing gently over the rough leather of Will’s tunic. “This armor,” he begins, “I purchased for you.” His words are hot against the nape of Will’s neck, and he shivers when Hannibal’s hand glides up his back to grip the hilt of his sword. “Your weapons? Also a gift from me.”

Will leans into the touch, practically purring beneath Hannibal’s attention. “Ah, but you like giving me things. The only reason I have them at all is because you find pleasure in it.”

“I find pleasure in the one who wears them,” Hannibal agrees, and his hands, both hands now, come to rest against Will’s hips. He pulls the smaller man back against his groin, and Will gasps at the bulge he feels against his ass. He smirks, humored by the idea that Hannibal is already so hard for him.

“You call Winston a beast of burden because she carries our things, and we ride her,” Will says, and he turns in Hannibal’s arms until they are face to face. He has to lean back and tilt his head to look directly into Hannibal’s eyes. “What about when I ride you?” he whispers, sliding his hands up Hannibal’s chest. “Does that make you my beast?”

Hannibal’s eyes narrow and he licks his lips, his fingers tightening around Will’s waist. “Yes,” he growls, ducking his head to kiss against Will’s neck. “But you are hardly a burden.”

Will turns his head to expose more neck for Hannibal to worship, which he does with greedy, sucking kisses. “Because you like spoiling me,” Will sighs, rolling his hips forward to grind against the hardness trapped under Hannibal’s leather trousers.

“Yes,” Hannibal answers, and his hands encircle his boy. He grasps at the flesh of Will’s bottom, kneading roughly.

“You like it when I ride you, Hannibal?” Will asks, biting his lip to stifle a moan when Hannibal ruts against him in response. “You like it when I straddle your cock?” Predictably, Hannibal groans, and the subsequent “yes” is raspy and deep in his throat. Will cups Hannibal’s face with his hands, forcing the attention of his eyes. “Lie down and close your eyes. I want to feel you spoil me.”

He bends Hannibal down to press their lips together, and isn’t surprised when Hannibal licks into him, slipping in his tongue to wrest for dominance. Will moans and forces himself to pull away, nipping at Hannibal’s lip before forcing his hands over strong shoulders, urging Hannibal down.

A warm breeze picks up, catching at the strands of silver-blond hair as Hannibal gets to his knees. Instantly inspired by this new angle, he nuzzles forward into the groin before him, and Will is reminded, ironically, of Winston searching for a treat. For a few moments, Will allows Hannibal to mouth against his clothed cock, relishing in the wet heat of his seeking tongue, but then he remembers himself and cards his fingers through Hannibal’s silky strands. He fists them and tugs back Hannibal’s eager lips.

“No,” Will reprimands. “That’s not how I want you.” The sound that rattles from Hannibal is hilariously similar to a whine, and it takes all of Will’s power of self control to push the man away. “On your back, beast.”

Will shoves, and it is a testament to Hannibal’s love that the older witcher allows the action, letting himself fall backwards, his body crashing against the forest floor where the pair has set up camp for the night. The witcher pants, utterly desperate for the touch of the beautiful boy standing over him. Will kneels, positioning himself over Hannibal, dipping his ass teasingly against his straining erection, then he leans low, his hands resting on either side of Hannibal’s head. First, he kisses the man’s scruffy cheek. Then, he whispers against his ear, “Bad Hannibal.” When he leans back to grind their hips together, Hannibal searches the boy’s face, finally beginning to catch on to the darker game playing out between them. But Will is already lifting his hand to wave across Hannibal’s eyes. “Axii,” he says, and a shimmery rune appears in the air, glowing brightly before it disappears.

The man between Will’s thighs relaxes, and his sharp maroon eyes fade to a dull glaze. Finally, the smile Will has been holding back comes to fruition as he gives Hannibal a light kiss on the mouth and stands up. “You will go to sleep,” Will commands in his clearest, crispest voice.

Hannibal nods. “I will go to sleep,” he repeats hazily.

“Because you have been very bad,” Will says, crossing his arms over his chest with contempt.

“Because I have been very bad,” says Hannibal.

Will looks over the witcher for a moment, thinking, and then he sighs. “But if there’s trouble nearby, of course, you will wake up so you can defend yourself. Obviously.” Hannibal opens his mouth to repeat the command, but Will holds out his hand to shush him. “You don’t have to say it, just do it. Now go to sleep. Bad Hannibal.”

Hannibal murmurs, “Bad Hannibal,” under his breath as his eyes shut. Will watches him until he is asleep, and then he carries on with the rest of his plan.

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The morning light rouses him, beaming blindingly through the treetops. Hannibal squints and holds his hand up to shield his eyes from the rudely bright sun. His head aches, as does his back, and when he rolls to his side, he feels the blades of grass against his skin all too well. An assessing sweep over his body verifies his suspicion. He is naked. And though it is not the first time Hannibal has woken sans clothing, he is usually met by a similarly nude, young witcher waking beside him.

A quick glance and Hannibal knows Will is gone. Winston is missing, as well. He feels around on the grass surrounding him and sighs. His clothes, armor, weapons, they are all vanished from the camp. In fact, the only thing remaining in the little forest clearing is Hannibal himself, in all his glory. For an instant, a panic grips Hannibal’s heart as he wonders where Will has disappeared to. Like waking up naked, this is not the first time Will has run off in the night. But then his senses return to him, and Hannibal remembers the events leading up to his slumber. He recalls Will’s summoning of the Axii Sign, the demand that he sleep.

Despite his predicament, Hannibal laughs. This is, doubtlessly, revenge for the other night in White Orchard, and the realization has Hannibal giddy with delight at Will’s deviousness. Hannibal hauls himself to his feet, the dew of the grass cool against his skin, and determines his next step. A careful inspection of the campsite provides him his first clue: his silver sword, hidden in a bush several paces away. He picks it up and hangs its strap over his shoulder, somehow managing to look even more ridiculous, naked witcher that he is. Glowering, he begins his study of the ground, makes out a section of lightly treaded earth, and begins to track his mischievous companion.

A ways through the forest, Hannibal discovers his steel sword leaned against the trunk of a tree. He picks it up. Further on, he finds an apple, recognizing it as one of Winston’s. His stomach rumbles and he palms it, but when he brings it to his lips, he sees where it has already been chomped by hungry horse teeth. He clucks his tongue in irritation and carries on. When he crosses a humble stream, a shine beneath the clear water catches his attention, and he crouches down to inspect it more closely. It’s his dagger and leg holster.

“Damn it, Will,” Hannibal mutters, reaching into the icy cold water to retrieve the blade, and with nowhere else to stash it, he is forced to fasten the holster around his naked thigh. He wipes a hand down his face and sighs, leaning his head back as if to ask the sky why in the world he was naked in the middle of a Velen forest.

“Because I’ve been a very bad Hannibal,” he mumbles to himself, rolling his eyes. The day is growing sticky and humid, and his amusement at Will’s trickery is dwindling and mutating into anger. Suddenly, something high up in the trees gleams in the sunshine, and Hannibal cocks his head curiously. He narrows his eyes, his witcher senses kicking in, and then he sees it, high, high up in the branches of an ash tree: his crossbow. “Will,” he growls. “I’ll tan your hide for this.”

The seasoned witcher tries out a few ideas to retrieve the crossbow. He summons the Aard Sign in an attempt to blast the weapon from the tree, but either he is too far away, or the crossbow is too secured to the branch, for it does not budge. He unsheathes his dagger and tries to directly knock the crossbow down, but the blade ricochets off the bow and falls back down, piercing the ground by Hannibal's bare feet. He yells at the stupid crossbow and threatens its family with violence if it doesn't remove itself from the branch this instant. That…doesn't work either. Hannibal looks to the left, looks to the right, squares his shoulders, lifts his chin to an elegant angle, and then proceeds to climb the tree.

Seven minutes and countless scrapes later, Hannibal is back on the ground, still naked, still pissed off, only now he has a crossbow, which he straps to his back along with his two swords. The dagger he removes from the soil and re-sheathes into the holster around his leg. He is sweaty, he is hungry, he is going to find Will Graham and take him over his knee.

The forest eventually begins to thin, and his trail suddenly becomes much easier to follow. Out of weapons to taunt Hannibal with, Will has begun a path of breadcrumbs. Hannibal shakes his head disapprovingly, but follows the trail, and it is not long before he reaches the outskirts of a town. "Claywich," the sign post reads. He watches from the cover of a tree. Village folk are busying about in the streets, merchants are selling their wares, children are playing with sticks. Hannibal runs his tongue over his teeth and shuffles his feet in a rare moment of uncertainty. He's not thrilled with the notion of sauntering into town with nothing but his weaponry, not thrilled at all. But then he spies a man walking past with an armful of firewood. Wearing HIS wyvern scale gloves!

A little girl runs by, giggling, dressed in Hannibal's undershirt.

An old woman is bent over doing the laundry, her hair tied back with a bandana of sorts, which, with further inspection, proves to be a pair of Hannibal's smallclothes.

Hannibal hisses between his clenched teeth and steps from his hiding place behind the tree. No one sees him yet, all too busy carrying on with their lives to notice the naked witcher. But then he begins to walk, no, strut, into the town, head held high, as if he were fully armored and not obscenely nude. He hears a few gasps, but continues on until he is standing in the middle of the dirt road. Seemingly unconcerned with the shocked mutterings surrounding him, he cocks his head, closes his eyes, and sniffs the air.

Immediately, Hannibal can smell him: a sweet, familiar, heady scent. He follows it, lets it lead him all the way to a tavern door. He snorts. He should have known Will would simply head for the first drink he could buy. Without further hesitance, Hannibal pushes against the door, and it swings powerfully back on its hinges.

The tavern, considerably busy for mid-day, falls to a hush as the naked witcher walks in and poses with a hand on his hip. The bartender opens his mouth, looking as though he wishes to say something, maybe suggest that the nice gentleman should come back later with a bit more clothes on, but the dangerous shine in Hannibal's eyes makes him reconsider, and he resumes the avid washing of his counter.

It is another person altogether who speaks up first, his voice lovely and bright in the silence of the tavern. "Hannibal, dearest, over here."

Hannibal turns to see Will, lounging at a nearby table with a hefty mug in his hand, the light from the window making his dark hair shine with hints of gold. Will smiles and crooks a beckoning finger and Hannibal has no choice but to join him. The younger witcher kicks out a chair for Hannibal to sit in, and he does so, crossing his hands politely over his lap and looking expectantly at Will.

“You know I adore your body, but don’t you think that minimalist look is a tad inappropriate for town?” Will lowers his voice and leans across the table. “There are children about.”

“One of them is sitting right at this table,” Hannibal counters darkly.

Will laughs loudly, tossing the hair from his eyes. “I’m sorry, Hannibal. Have you not enjoyed your day?”

“Why are the villagers wearing my clothes, Will?” Hannibal asks, his voice low and venomous, and Will only laughs louder.

“Because I gave them to the villagers,” he answers plainly.

“And why,” Hannibal growls, “did you do that?”

“Oh, I was just curious what would happen,” Will says with a dismissing wave of his hand.

Hannibal appears ready to reach across the table and grab him when a barmaid strolls up to their table wearing fetching, tailored leather trousers. “Can I get you something to drink, Master Witchers?” she asks.

Will looks at Hannibal as Hannibal looks at his custom-made pants on the Claywich woman. “Let me buy you a drink,” Will says, his voice lilting flirtatiously. “I want to spoil you.”

Hannibal cannot decide between his several options of action. To smack or not to smack? To drink or not to drink? To throw Will into the washroom and fuck him until he can’t stand or…well, no, that one is a definite. But he decides he IS thirsty, so he nods his head once in agreement. Before the woman can ask him his preference of ales, however, screams erupt from outside.

The witchers turn their heads towards the open window in unison. “What was that?” Will asks, standing so he can better peer outside, but Hannibal is already unsheathing his silver sword and heading toward the tavern door. More screaming from the townspeople, and Will sees something flash past the window. He startles, unsheathing his own sword and running to meet Hannibal at the entrance. “Hannibal, did you just see what I saw?”

Hannibal purses his lips and tightens the grip on his sword. “You mean am I about to fight a swarm of endrega warriors with no armor? Why, yes, Will.”

Will has the good grace to look sheepish, but it only lasts a moment before he flashes Hannibal a triumphant smile. “Better move fast, then,” he says with a wink, and he slaps Hannibal’s bare ass before surging through the door.

Hannibal glares and then starts after the boy, joining him in the center of Claywich, where dozens of endrega are scurrying, their spiky tails slashing at hysterical villagers who fail to run away fast enough. The insectoids are huge, about the size of a large dog, and their multiple, spindly legs loan them a speed only a witcher can compete with, but even then, it can be tricky.

“Might want to try out that Axii Sign again,” Hannibal hollers, waving his own hand with the rune and halting three endrega directly in front of him. His silver sword slices through the air, killing the monsters in one clean sweep. He hears Will working his own magic behind him, but the endrega that has snuck up beside him he doesn’t hear until it’s too late. It whips its spiky tail, quick as lightning, stinging Hannibal in the behind.

Will turns, sees Hannibal’s hand flying to his ass and the horrified look on his face, and he is consumed by laughter even as he stabs the endrega to death. “Are you okay?”

“Ask me again when your eyes aren’t swimming with tears of mirth,” Hannibal snaps as he sidesteps an endrega warrior’s pounce. Will and Hannibal both use the Axii Sign, and the monster freezes on the ground, helpless to the blade Hannibal pierces through its abdomen.

A villager runs by in Hannibal’s chest plate.

Hannibal arches his brow at Will, and the younger witcher feels his lips quirk. “You know,” Will huffs, swinging his sword to fend off the strike of another endrega, “none of this would have happened if you hadn’t let that incubus have its way with me!” The endrega sweeps its lethal tail, aiming for Will’s head, but he ducks, rolls, and jumps to his feet, slicing off the tail and smashing its head with his boot.

“If I remember correctly,” Hannibal says, jumping over a dead monster to push Will out of the way of another pouncing endrega, “it was you who had your way with me. The incubus was merely a catalyst for your passion.”

Will laughs and they stand back to back, brandishing their swords and Axii signs, stilling and stabbing and slicing each monster that dares approach. Before long, the only endrega in the town of Claywich are dead or dying. One twitches next to Hannibal’s bare foot, and he looks down at the specks of monster blood on his skin with a grunt of disdain.

They are breathing heavily, their chests heaving in deep, matching rhythms, and for a few moments, both are caught up in the rise and fall of the other’s back. But when a child coos, and the villagers begin to stir from their hiding places, the reverie of their battle trance is broken. Will wipes a glisten of sweat from his brow, and Hannibal bends to wipe the gore from his sword before sheathing it. They face each other, both wearing wicked grins.

“A catalyst for my passion? Really?” Will questions, his eyes soft with adoration despite the punishing tone of his words.

Hannibal steps into Will’s space, pulling the younger man against his chest. He nuzzles into his neck and whispers against his skin, “I’m not sorry.”

Will lifts his head to leave a line of kisses across his jaw. “Neither am I,” he says. “What are we going to do about that?” He can feel teeth scrape his skin as the man smiles into his shoulder.

“Seeing as I have been stung by one of these hellish creatures, we are going to attain a room at the Inn, you are going to tend my wounds, and then I am going to tend yours.”

“But I don’t have any wounds,” Will sighs softly in Hannibal’s ear.

Hannibal wraps his fingers through Will’s curls and tugs his head back. “Not yet,” he promises, and Will laughs before pulling his naked witcher down for a kiss.

D is for Doppler

Chapter Summary

Date night.

Chapter Notes

*If you're reading this chapter looking for kinkiness, you won't really find it in this one. This story has morphed out of my control into weird, witcher crack. These guys are really just doing whatever they want at this point. It's fluffy and silly. :) There will be more smuttiness in the future, though, because I like the trashcan I live in. Thank you for reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal sits straight-backed and regal in Winston's saddle. Between his arms that hold the reins aloft is Will, nestled against his chest, his hands tracing lightly over Hannibal's thighs. The handsome couple trots down the winding road, and Hannibal is torn between watching the vividly gorgeous, crimson sunset, or the young man in his arms, who is arguably more striking than anything the sky has to offer. He decides, naturally, on an intimate inspection of dark curls before him, burying his nose deep and nuzzling persistently until Will squirms against him.

"You're going to sniff me right out of the saddle if you keep that up," Will says, slapping at Hannibal's thigh teasingly, but even as he speaks, he leans further into Hannibal's touch, pleased by the warm nose and warmer mouth burrowing in the crook of his neck.

"Would you rather I fuck you out of the saddle?" Hannibal asks, his voice low and lilting in Will's ear.

The younger witcher digs his nails into Hannibal's thighs, lamenting the fact that they're covered in rough leather trousers. He would like to feel the flesh give way beneath his pressing fingers. "I would like that very much," Will says, "but I don't think Winston would approve." He gives the mare a loving pat on her mane, and she snorts loudly, tossing her head. "It's no offense, Win, but you can't deny you're a bit of a prude."

Hannibal wishes his hands were free of the reigns so he could grip Will's hips and grind him back against the growing bulk of his cock. He settles for rocking his hips forward and breathing in another heady inhale of his boy's hair. "You would deny me in order to appease the horse?"

“If you honestly think you can manage to fuck me atop Winston, Hannibal, by all means, give it a go,” Will laughs, throwing his head back to rest against the older man’s shoulder.

Hannibal takes advantage of the opportunity to kiss the wily nymph spread against him, capturing his lips with his own. “I know what you’re doing,” he whispers against the full, pink mouth. “Trying to distract me from the true purpose of this evening’s outing, wanton, greedy creature that you are.”

Will sighs and strains his neck in search of another kiss, but Hannibal looks straight ahead now, ignoring the seeking advances and moody purrs emanating fussily from the young man leaned against him. “I don’t know why you feel the urge to take me on a ‘real date,’ when you can just fuck me into oblivion under the stars like every other night.”

Hannibal clicks his tongue and purses his lips, willing away the smile that threatens to break the stoicism of his face. “Such crude language from such a pretty mouth.”

“Honestly, Hannibal,” Will says, twisting around in the saddle to look at the man behind him. “You don’t have to take me on dates. I am sufficiently wooed already. And besides, it’s risky for us to keep frequenting so many towns. We’re supposed to be dead, remember?”

“We’re not frequenting town this evening, Will. The Inn at the Crossroads is in the middle of nowhere, or more arguably, the middle of everywhere, and it will be so crowded no one will notice us.”

“No one will notice two witchers holding hands and sharing a bottle of wine?” Will asks dubiously, and he feels the silent huff of laughter flutter the curls at the nape of his neck.

“Sounds like you have given the evening some thought,” Hannibal jests. “You wish for me to hold your hand and ply you with wine?”

“If you refuse to turn Winston around and find a corner of the woods in which to plow me, then I suppose the date will have to do,” Will sighs. “But after sufficient handholding and wine-drinking, I’m afraid I will insist on dragging you away to suck your cock with my crude, pretty mouth.”

Hannibal clears his throat behind him, and then says, his tone a delectable rumble, “If you insist, you insist, and I shall simply have to bear it.”

Will reaches his hand around to caress across Hannibal’s stubbly cheek. “You bear it so beautifully.”

When they reach the Inn at the Crossroads, Hannibal slides gracefully from Winston’s saddle and scoops Will into his arms. The younger man squeaks in protest, and Hannibal squeezes him indulgently before setting him down on his feet. As Hannibal predicted, the Inn is hugely crowded tonight, and Will can already hear the musicians as they tune their instruments inside the tavern awash in the golden glow of torches.

For a moment, Will just looks. For so long, he thought he would never get to experience life like this. Full to bursting with people and beauty and love. A warm hand touches his palm

and twines their fingers together. Will holds on tight to Hannibal's hand and looks up at him, his electric blue eyes flashing bright with excitement and a second, stronger emotion that Will cannot put to words.

"Thank you for taking me on a date, Hannibal," Will says with a shyness the other witcher has not heard in quite a while. He pulls Will forward with twitching lips.

"Try not to burn this one down," Hannibal says, and Will's eyes widen at the memory, followed by a solemn nod of agreement.

There is a small line at the door, but the witchers only have to wait a few minutes before they can enter. They spend it sharing a pipe and murmuring to each other about this and the other, until finally, the woman taking coin summons them forward.

"Two for the show?" she asks, her head bent low, rummaging in her coin pouch.

Hannibal presents his palm, filled with an ample pile of crowns. "For my date and myself," he tells her. The shine of the coins finally makes her look up, and her reaction upon seeing the witchers is the usual sort: a gasp, big eyes, and a slight stumble backwards. But the woman recovers quickly, accepting the crowns to shove into her pouch.

"Enjoy the show, Master Witchers," she says kindly, but her eyes never stray from Will's face. They smile politely and ease past her into the heart of the tavern, but her gaze follows the younger witcher, and her thick eyebrows furrow, as if befuddled by his image. She watches him like this until the next patron walks up to her in the line and thrusts their coin out for her perusal.

Inside, it is cozy and candlelit and though there are dozens and dozens of tables filled with people, Hannibal spots an empty one near the back, and he leads Will carefully through the crowd, sure to never drop his hand or let more than an inch of space separate them. Hannibal, like Will, has a perfect memory of Will's prior condition, only recently remedied. Not four weeks ago, he would have fallen into a fit in a crowd this size. Hannibal kisses Will's cheek and pulls a chair out for him. Not anymore. Now, Will can handle the onslaught of any town. He takes the seat beside Will, scooting his chair so their knees knock together, and sets their hands, still clasped tightly, onto his lap. Hannibal knows Will's ailment is cured, but he cannot stop himself from leaning into him and asking, "Is this alright?"

Will smiles, a bright, sunny thing, and hopes it will assuage Hannibal's worry. "This," he says, squeezing Hannibal's hand, "is alright." He brushes his shoulder against Hannibal's and pushes slightly up out of his chair to kiss his neck. "This," he whispers between a press of firm lips to skin, "is more than alright. And this," Will finishes, slipping his other hand beneath the table and up Hannibal's thigh, "is perfect."

Hannibal visibly relaxes into the touch, the anxiety for his apprentice rapidly turning to lust. But he catches the roaming hand before it reaches its destination, and brings both of Will's hands to his lips. "Handholding and wine, I think we agreed on," he says, brushing smooth knuckles with soft lips.

“Wine would be wonderful,” Will agrees, “but not the distraction I would choose to fill my mouth with if given the choice.” His comment earns him a swift bite on the finger before his hands are relinquished and Hannibal is standing.

“Insatiable boy,” Hannibal chides, raking his fingers through Will’s curls. “I will be back momentarily to try and quench your thirst.”

Will watches him move through the crowd, a wolf amongst sheep. He sighs and sets his cheek upon his hand. Hannibal, he still believes, is the most attractive thing, human or otherwise, he has ever seen. His backside is especially admirable, Will notes, as the older witcher lifts on his tiptoes at the bar to catch the inn-keep’s attention. It doesn’t take long for Hannibal to return, a full jug of wine in one hand, two goblets in the other. He places them down on the table in front of Will, an offering for his boy-god.

Suddenly, though not entirely unexpectedly, Will grabs Hannibal’s face and pulls him forward, kissing him exuberantly on the mouth. When he pushes him back to gulp a dose of oxygen, Will licks his lips with satisfaction. “Shall we have a drink then?” he asks, waving at the goblets. Hannibal blinks once, twice, and then finally comes back to his senses, grinning toothily as he fills both their goblets near to spilling. He lifts his drink, waits for Will to lift his, and then clinks them together.

“To Winston,” they say in unison. Giggles certainly do not follow the toast, as giggles from witchers would be unseemly, but they do emit a high-pitched sort of laughter that can usually be associated with the purest form of happiness. Then the band strikes up, and they settle in together, sipping their wine and listening to the skilled musicians weave their melody.

A pleasurable time unfolds, Hannibal’s arm finding its way around Will’s waist, both their goblets emptying, filling, emptying again. The music, Hannibal decides, is truly lovely, but the real treat is the weight of Will against him, and the little sounds of approval he makes when Hannibal’s fingers glide beneath his tunic to circle against the warm flesh of his hip. Occasionally, Hannibal turns Will’s head, tips back his chin, and kisses him slowly and softly. Occasionally, Will’s hand returns to Hannibal’s thigh, sneaking brief, scandalous gropes before stronger hands banish him back to his own lap. They go on this way for about an hour, but when Will shifts to cross his legs, his bladder screams its disapproval. Will bites his lip and scoots closer to Hannibal, whispering loudly to be heard over the strum of the lyre. “I’ll be right back.”

Hannibal catches Will’s wrist and pulls him in for a quick kiss before freeing him, but he watches with hawkish eyes as Will passes through the tavern, making sure his journey is unperturbed. Only when Will disappears behind the washroom door does Hannibal’s tension subside. Not completely, but enough for him to sit back in his chair and pretend to listen to the music while he waits for his companion to return. To his delight, it is mere moments later when he spots Will, walking confidently through the crowded tables. When Will approaches their table, Hannibal pulls the chair out for him, but then the strangest thing happens. Will keeps walking, right past Hannibal, right past their table, and straight for the bar.

Hannibal cocks his head, curious, and watches Will as he leans against the bar counter, pushing his hips out becomingly, arching his back in a catlike stretch that catches the

attention of more than a few people sitting nearby. A muscle beneath Hannibal's eye twitches involuntarily and his hands ball into tight fists, but he does nothing but observe.

When Will turns, Hannibal expects to see the boy smiling mischievously at him. Well, he is smiling mischievously, but not at Hannibal. His big blue eyes seem to scan over the entirety of the tavern, and they skim over Hannibal, true, but only briefly, and then Will is turning back around, presenting his luscious backside to whomever wishes to ogle it, which is everyone in his vicinity.

Still, Hannibal waits, sure that Will must be playing a game of some sort. It is only when a woman approaches him and lays her delicate hand on his arm that the fire in Hannibal's belly ignites. And Will, his Will, turns to the woman and smiles. He brings a hand to stroke through his curls and bats his eyelashes. Hannibal seethes as the woman laughs, and when Will bites his lip flirtatiously, Hannibal's fist slams down against the table so hard a crack runs through the wood. The sound is masked by the band's drumming beats, but the pain shoots through Hannibal's hand, and he clenches his fist so tight his fingernails begin to cut into his palm. The woman, the bosomy trollop, has the audacity to coil one of Will's curls around her finger, and Hannibal is staring so intently, he doesn't even register the footsteps behind him until the man is seated next to him at the table. Without turning, eyes burning into the nightmarish scene of Will canoodling with someone NOT HIM, Hannibal waves away the person who has sat down in the chair beside him. "This seat is taken," he spits.

"What? I leave for a second, and already you've replaced me?"

Hannibal whips his head around at the sound of Will's voice and, sure enough, there is Will, returned to his chair from the washroom. Hannibal turns back to the bar, and there is Will, now kissing the woman, sitting in a barstool and pulling her to stand between his open thighs.

"Hannibal?" the Will beside him asks. "What are you looking at?"

Hannibal scowls and nods his head in the general direction of the bar. Will squints, searching for what could have Hannibal so displeased. His eyes roam right over the kissing couple at first, and Will looks back at Hannibal, confused. Then, his eyebrows lift high on his forehead, and he does a double-take, hair flying with unruliness about his head as he registers the kissing couple for a second time. Hannibal hears him gasp, and when Will turns back, his hand is covering his mouth and he is matching Hannibal's scowl to a T.

"What is THAT?" he asks, flabbergasted. "Hannibal. He looks just like me."

The older witcher nods knowingly, his posture still strained, his blood running hot with jealousy, even with the knowledge that the man kissing someone else is not HIS Will. His Will is impatiently poking him in the ribs.

"Hannibal," he says, stretching out the name pleadingly.

"That, Will," Hannibal finally answers, grasping his apprentice's hand possessively, "is a doppler."

"It's wearing my face!"

“Not just your face,” Hannibal says. “That changeling has taken on your precise form. Same clothes, same weapons, same everything. It’s also adopted your specific aura and scent. It even fooled me.”

Will arches a dark brow in blatant disbelief. “You couldn’t tell the difference between me and an imposter?” He gestures manically at the doppler, dry humping shamelessly against the woman at the bar. “Seriously, Hannibal?”

They share a look with one another, and then turn back to gawk at the Doppler Will, and then back at each other, Will looking disgusted and Hannibal looking altogether not disgusted enough.

“Oh no,” Will says, slapping his palm to his forehead exasperatedly. “I know that face. I know what it means.”

Hannibal’s lips twitch enticingly and his eyes grow dark. “You would be thinking the same thing if there were suddenly two of me,” he says with a shrug of his shoulders. “Will you not even consider, for a moment -- ”

“No, Hannibal,” Will says. “Absolutely not. This is a date. Our date. I’m not going to share you with a doppler. Stop looking at me like that.”

“Fine,” Hannibal sighs, kissing the back of Will’s hand. “Tell me, Will, what you would like to do with it. Shall we kill it?”

“That seems a little extreme,” Will says, a pondering, spacey look on his face. “I only want it to stop looking like me.” He frowns as his spitting image grabs the woman’s ass and rubs against her. “And I’d really like for him to stop doing that.”

“Then leave it to me,” Hannibal says, standing them up from their table. He splays his hand across the small of Will’s back and pulls him close. “Wait outside for me and I will join you shortly.” He plants a kiss on the corner of Will’s mouth and then gently pushes him in the direction of the door. Will sighs, gives him a troubled look, but promptly turns and does as instructed. Hannibal watches him closely as he makes his way through the tavern, the crowd’s attention still solely on the performing band. Once Will is out the door, he begins to move toward the bar with a sauntering gait.

The doppler is fixated wholly on his rutting female, and Hannibal’s lips snarl back in distaste. He takes a moment to smooth out his features to a comely placidity that most would consider alluring, before tapping a finger politely on the doppler’s back.

Doppler Will startles slightly and twists out of the woman’s hold to look over his shoulder. Will’s eyes stare at Hannibal, and even though he is fully aware that this is not Will, the look makes his heart flutter rapidly in his chest. When the doppler speaks, it is with Will’s voice. “Can I help you, sir?”

The word “sir” dripping from Will’s lips in any form is enough to send a jolt of arousal to Hannibal’s groin, and he folds his hands discreetly over his crotch. “I apologize sincerely for interrupting your evening,” Hannibal begins, bowing slightly and smiling sweetly at the

woman behind the doppler taking the free moment to straighten her corset. “But I could not help but notice your medallion. School of the Wolf?” he asks, motioning to the wolf head hanging from a chain around the doppler’s neck, a precise replica of Will’s.

Doppler Will is taken off guard, but only for a moment, and then he pats Hannibal’s back, all friendly smiles and calm demeanor. “That’s right!” he says with a jubilance Hannibal seldom hears from Will’s own mouth. “And you as well, I see. It’s always nice to see another Witcher on the path.”

“Indeed,” Hannibal says. “This might be forward of me, but I wonder if I could steal a moment of your time? There’s a notice on the board outside for a contract, and it might be something we could go in on together. Double team it, if you will.”

Doppler Will’s eyes clearly say ‘no,’ but after one look at the woman’s eager face, obviously turned on by the prospect of her conquest for the night taking on monster contracts, he smiles at Hannibal and says, “Yes, that would be fine,” and then excuses himself from his voluptuous distraction.

“Wonderful,” says Hannibal, and he leads the way through the tavern. He opens the door for him, and Doppler Will passes through with a polite “thank you.” And then they are outside.

Night has fallen fully, and the air is crisp and sweet. Doppler Will bites his lips nervously, and Hannibal is momentarily enraptured by the gesture so often repeated by his Will.

“Where is the notice board?” the doppler asks, looking about with a dullness in his eyes that is never seen in Will’s.

“Oh, I believe it is just that way,” Hannibal says, pointing vaguely in the distance. The doppler turns around to see, and then, before Hannibal can predict it and stop it, the real Will leaps from the shadows of a tree and knocks into the doppler, sending them both rolling in the dirt.

“Hannibal, I got him!” Will yells triumphantly, skillfully pinning down the doppler, and Hannibal steeples his fingers beneath his chin and waits for the inevitable. Will does not know, because Hannibal has not yet informed him, that dopplers, while also able to fully mimic a person’s appearance, are also capable of adopting a portion of their skill set. And so, with a cry of surprise, Will is knocked in the face with a punch, catching beneath his chin and crashing him into the dirt on his back. Doppler Will rolls on top now, but only for a second before the real Will pulls at the doppler’s hair and bites down on the hand reaching for his throat. Soon, Will is back on top, both figures covered in dust and dirt.

Hannibal watches the skirmish, highly entertained as the two Wills scramble about on the ground, bloodying themselves with twin bruises. Hannibal palms against his hardening length as they struggle, a delicious grin twisting his features.

“Hannibal!” one of them call out, and the older witcher frowns slightly when he can’t be sure who has spoken. One Will is standing up now, his boot firmly pressed against the chest of the other, who struggles with flailing arms.

The flailing one looks up at Hannibal and demands sassily, “A little help would be appreciated.”

Hannibal cocks his head at the other Will, the one who stands, and it rolls its eyes exaggeratedly as it whines, “Honestly, Hannibal. Can you not tell us apart?”

Hannibal does not tell the Wills that of course he can tell them apart, that now that he sees them side by side, his Will is clear to him as day and could never be mistaken. He does not tell them this. Instead, because he is Hannibal, he clucks his tongue and shrugs his shoulders. “I’m afraid there is only one way I will be able to tell who is who.”

Both Wills sigh and say, “Really?” and then they glare at one another.

Hannibal claps his hands together, terribly happy at this turn of events. “I shall have to kiss you both to know.”

The Will on the ground moans unhappily, and the Will standing up crosses his arms with a huff. “This is ridiculous, Hannibal. I know you know it’s me.”

The Will beneath the boot slaps at the leg holding him down, and the standing Will reluctantly removes his foot and leans down to help the grounded Will up. They stand together, eyeing each other warily, perfect mirrors that Hannibal could watch all night. But he will not press his luck. Eventually, he will be left with his true Will, and he does not wish for him to be too annoyed. This is date night, after all. He beckons first to the Will on the left.

“Come here,” Hannibal says.

The Will walks up to him without hesitation, and he is pissed. “Hannibal,” he growls. “You know it’s me.”

Hannibal acts confused and shakes his head. “I honestly have no idea. You are both just alike.” He wraps his hand around the Will’s neck and steps forward. “You will have to prove it to me.” He waits, refusing to lean in first, and finally, after seconds of refrain, the Will pushes up on his toes to press a kiss against Hannibal’s lips. It is unrushed, a soft brushing of lips that slowly grows until the breath between them hitches, and Hannibal urges the kiss to fervency with his tongue, licking into Will’s mouth that opens easily to him. Hands trace up Hannibal’s arms and settle in his long silver strands of hair, tugging a little harder than necessary to bring Hannibal closer. The kiss deepens, and Hannibal groans into it, and then the Will is pushing him away.

“Enough,” he says. “Go kiss the other one. I know you want to.”

The witcher wipes his hand over his mouth and turns to the second Will, who is watching with a rosy blush. “You,” Hannibal says, holding out his hand. “Come here.”

The Will approaches with swaying hips and wastes no time in wrapping his arms around Hannibal’s neck. “You want me to kiss you?” he asks, peeking up through a fringe of curls.

Hannibal grips his shoulders. “Yes.”

The Will sucks in his lower lip before releasing it, dampened and plump. “Does it matter where I kiss you?”

Hannibal laughs and looks back at the other Will, who is smoldering to the side, arms crossed. “That’s the kind of spirit I like to see,” Hannibal says. “You can kiss me wherever you’d like, Will,” he says, and the Will proceeds to drop to his knees. Clumsy hands untie the laces of his trousers, and Hannibal bends low, one hand caressing the Will’s cheek and the other tracing up his neck. He grins, and then he tightens his hold on the doppler’s neck and yanks him to his feet. With a turn and a clasp, he captures the changeling in silver handcuffs and throws him to the ground.

“Hannibal!” the doppler yells in anguish. “It’s me! I’m the real Will.”

“Hush up, doppler, I know my mate when I see him,” Hannibal returns with unusual sauciness. The real Will steps beside him, his anger softened slightly.

“Mate?” he asks with a wince.

“Do you prefer another title?” Hannibal asks, genuinely thoughtful. “We haven’t discussed it. What would you like?”

Will hums, thinking. “I haven’t given it much thought. Mate is a bit much though, isn’t it?”

Hannibal nods. “Perhaps. Partner?”

“Oh, I don’t know. How about boyfriend?” The older man’s brows knit together ever so slightly and Will taps his foot, growing impatient. “Well, there are only so many things we can call each other, Hannibal.”

A throat clears from the ground, drawing both the witchers’ attention. “Please either kill me or let me go,” the doppler cries.

Hannibal lifts a pale brow at Will. “Sure you don’t want to kill him?”

Will breathes in deep, lets it out slow. “Nah.”

Hannibal tilts his head, a sweep of silver hair falling in his eyes. “It is kind of cute.”

The younger witcher shakes his head vehemently, and then jabs an accusatory finger at the doppler. “You,” he says. “What are you doing walking around looking like me?”

The doppler, still in Will’s form, pulls his knees up to his chest and looks sadly at the men standing over him. “I’m not the most charming guy,” Doppler Will says quietly. “And it… gets lonely, being what I am. I constantly flit from one town to the next, trying out different forms, and it’s always the same. No one,” the doppler’s eyes drop to the ground, “ever wants anything to do with me.”

Will steals a glance at Hannibal, whose lips are pressed in a thin line, as if holding back a laugh with all his strength. But he only shakes his head at Will and looks down

understandingly at the handcuffed doppler. “It is hard to be different,” he says sagely, and Doppler Will sniffs.

“It IS hard,” he agrees through loud snuffles. “And when I saw his face on the flyer, I thought, ‘there’s a face no one could ever say no to.’ And so I tried it out.” The doppler looked at Will with moist eyes. “And it worked. Everyone, and I mean everyone, wants to sleep with you. I have never gotten more attention than I have while looking this way. That girl in there? Wanted to blow me in the washroom. The woman at the front door taking entry fees? Shagged me just last week. Said I was the best she’d ever had.”

Will is busy having his mind blown and nodding along in a daze, but Hannibal’s eyes are lit up with sudden menace. He lifts the doppler to his feet and grabs his jaw, forcing their eyes to meet. “You saw his face on a flyer?” Doppler Will’s eyes dart to the real thing, and Hannibal shakes him violently. “Where did you see this? What kind of flyer was it?”

The doppler trembles beneath Hannibal’s fiery stare. “Th-they’re all over Novigrad a-a-and Crow’s Perch. I’ve seen them e-e-verywhere. They’re Wanted Posters.”

Will and Hannibal exchange worried looks. “Who would be looking for me? I’m supposed to be dead,” Will says.

Hannibal releases the doppler and turns to grasp Will’s shoulders. “We should ready Winston and leave. Stay out of town for a while.”

“Okay, but I know what I want to do with the doppler,” Will tells Hannibal. He waits for the older man’s sharp nod of approval, then turns to Doppler Will and releases him from the silver cuffs. “You have my permission to go on looking like me,” Will says, ignoring the sound of lusty approval from the man behind him. “But you have to swear that you’ll say nothing to anyone about seeing me or Hannibal here tonight.” Will looks over his shoulder at Hannibal. “He could help throw anyone looking for us off our trail.”

“I agree,” Hannibal says. “Inspired. Would that the world was full of Wills.”

Will smirks and turns back to the doppler. “Do you agree to my terms?”

Doppler Will wipes a tear from his big blue eyes. “Yes, I agree. Thank you.”

“It’s no problem. I’m sure you’ll put me to good use,” Will says, patting the devastatingly attractive doppler on the shoulder. “You should get back in there before your lady gets antsy. Or moves on to someone else.” Will whispers, “I think she might have been a prostitute.”

Doppler Will gasps and runs toward the Inn, only turning briefly at the door to bow to the witchers before scurrying back inside.

Hannibal whistles and Winston trots up beside them with a whinny of greeting. Will steps close to Hannibal, and the older man wordlessly lifts him up and places him in the saddle. He jumps into the saddle behind him, picks up the reigns, and clicks softly for Winston to go.

The two witchers travel down the road, Winston's hooves clippity-clapping as she keeps a steady pace. Will leans into the man at his back. "Maybe I have an evil twin and that's who the Wanted Posters are meant for." He can feel the man's chuckle through his leather tunic.

"I wouldn't be surprised," Hannibal says, breathing in Will's sweet scent. "Then there would be three of you," he adds hopefully.

"Hannibal," Will scolds playfully.

"Lover," Hannibal tries, and Will bursts out laughing.

"No, I don't like lover," he says through the tears. "Love slave, maybe."

"Accurate, but too indecent for casual usage," Hannibal says. He moves the reins to hold in one hand, freeing the other to rub gently across Will's stomach. "Husband." Will stiffens in the saddle at the word, and Hannibal presses his lips against Will's neck. "Do you like husband?"

Silence stretches, Will's ears filled with the pounding of his heart, and then he turns his head against Hannibal's chest and kisses him softly on the mouth. "Yes, I like it," he whispers.

"I like it, too," Hannibal says, and then, holding tighter to the reins, he spurs Winston into a gallop.

Chapter End Notes

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xoxo

S is for Sorceress

Chapter Summary

> This chapter is dedicated to the lovely othermemesofinfluence, who is a beautiful, generous sunflower!
>
> Also, this chapter is crack/smut/fluff/ridiculous, and I don't know what's wrong with me, but thank you so much to everyone who keeps reading and commenting. <3 <3

The cool water of the stream sloshes against Will's naked thighs as he stands behind Hannibal, raking his fingers through the long silvery hair. He is hypnotized by his broad, scarred back, riddled with ridges like a map to every fight he's ever had, with man and monster alike. It's a gorgeous back, and Will momentarily leaves the silky, damp strands of Hannibal's head to caress over the tan, strong expanse of his shoulder blades, then trace down his lovely spine.

"I'm not implying that you're so old your short term has suffered as a result," Will tells him, fingers leisurely finding their way back up to braid Hannibal's hair the way he likes, "but do you not remember what happened the last time we were in Novigrad?"

"The last time we were in Novigrad, I found you on the riverbank and, then, if my horrid memory serves, we quite literally rode into the sunset together," Hannibal replies, voice soaked with amusement. He moans happily at the touch of Will's fingers in his hair, and he can't stop himself from leaning into the smaller man behind him. He feels a light swat on his arm, and Will tugs on his braid.

"I can't tie this off if you keep nuzzling me like a giant cat," Will scolds, and Hannibal straightens his back obediently and smirks. "And to fill in your very vague recollection of our riverbank reunion, I barely showed up in time to save you from killing yourself," Will says, pulling Hannibal's hair, a bit on purpose, as he wraps the end of the plait with leather string. "Done."

Hannibal turns to face his hair braider, shorter than him, naked and beautiful in the early morning light. "Thank you, Will," Hannibal says, placing his fingers beneath Will's chin to tilt his head up. Will closes his eyes and parts his lips, and Hannibal rewards him with a soft kiss. Will hums appreciatively and places his hands on Hannibal's waist, pulling the man closer.

"What about that one time I was kidnapped by witch hunters?" Will asks, eyes sparkling, once he finally breaks away from the kiss.

Hannibal's expression remains untainted by emotion as he tests his braid with a light tug. "I killed the witch hunters. So they should pose no threat." Satisfied with Will's handiwork, he smoothes his palms over the small of his companion's back and holds him, their groins pressing together beneath the water.

Will quivers at the contact, but continues, "Yes, I'm sure you killed every single witch hunter in all of Novigrad that night and they've never hurt anyone since. My hero."

Hannibal dips his head to kiss Will's neck, though his hair has grown so long he has to brush the wild curls aside before his lips can connect with milky skin. "If you're a good boy and do not run off, no harm will come to you."

"But we're supposed to be dead," Will argues, though his heart isn't really in it at this point, not now that Hannibal is nibbling at his earlobe and shifting his hips lazily against him. "What if Alana and Margot see us?"

"Are you planning a trip to the Passiflora, Will?" Hannibal asks, his hand snaking down to cup a supple ass cheek.

"You're the one who enjoys whorehouses, not me," Will snipes, "or have you forgotten that, as well?"

Will's sharp words make Hannibal stop the gentle sucking against Will's neck, and he pulls back enough to meet the accusatory, electric blue eyes. "I have forgotten everyone in the entirety of this world who is not you," he states crisply before framing Will's face with his hands. "I wish to take you to Novigrad, because they have the grandest cathedrals for unions, and when I marry you, it should be in a place worthy of your beauty."

Though he is always straddling the line between sass and sincerity, Will can feel his desire to argue melting away as he melts into Hannibal's arms. "I would marry you in a swamp, with a drowner as the priest." He rises up on his tiptoes, his feet slipping on the slick rocks of the waterbed, and presses his mouth hungrily to Hannibal's, biting at his lower lip. "I'd let you fuck me after, in a bed of buckthorn."

"Pleasant as that sounds," Hannibal says, teasing light kisses over Will's jaw, "Buckthorn lacks the ambiance for which I strive." He squeezes Will's ass. "And it smells terrible."

"My point is," Will says, sighing as Hannibal's fingers gently knead his ass cheeks apart, "in a swamp or in the Emperor's living room--," and before he can finish his sentence, Hannibal interrupts.

"You will marry me anywhere," he says with a cocky grin, which Will returns with a mischievous sparkle in his eyes.

"I will fuck you anywhere," Will corrects, and he gasps when Hannibal scoops him up in his arms. Will's limbs thrash in the water, splashing them both. Will's hair hangs heavy in his eyes, and he lets Hannibal manipulate his body until his thighs are tightly wrapped around his waist. "I would just like to live long enough to marry you. You realize, in Novigrad, there is

an incredibly long list of things that could go wrong. We know my picture is all over the city. How are we supposed to waltz through the gates without being recognized?"

"I might be tempted to mention your own inefficient memory, Will, if I had as poor manners as you, for you seem to have forgotten our good friends who live right outside the city," Hannibal says, pressing a finger to Will's entrance.

Will rubs himself against Hannibal's chest and pushes down against his probing finger. "Need something mended, Hannibal?" he asks with a whimper. "Or are you suggesting we wear disguises in Novigrad?"

"Price and Zeller can make us anything we wish," Hannibal says, "but let us speak of it later."

"You don't want to talk about it while you fuck me?" Will asks with a laugh and a groan as Hannibal pushes his finger past the tight muscle. "Oh Hannibal, I love your custom-made armor!"

Hannibal growls and begins to walk them out of the stream, and when he presses Will up against a tree, Will forgets his laughter and lets his eyelids flutter closed in pleasure. Hannibal's long digit leaves him for a moment as he sucks it quickly into his mouth. He pulls out wet, Will watching him wide-eyed, and replaces his hand between them, two fingers slipping into Will to slowly stretch him open.

"Say you'll marry me in Novigrad," Hannibal demands, pushing Will into the tree bark, fully aware how the bark must be scratching his delicate skin. He scissors his fingers, and Will cries aloud, startling some birds perched high in the branches above them.

"Yes, yes, obviously," Will gasps and, a moment later, Hannibal is propping Will against the tree with his weight while his hands unbuckle his trousers.

Hannibal frees himself from his leather confines and lines himself up to Will's entrance, slicking himself with his own pre-cum. When it doesn't feel like quite enough, he spits politely into his hand, and then jerks himself once, twice. Will tries to push down on Hannibal's thick length, but Hannibal keeps him off. "Say it," Hannibal whispers hoarsely into Will's ear, and he rubs his fat cockhead back and forth across Will's eager hole.

"Yes, Hannibal, I will marry you in Novigrad, please," Will exclaims, and Hannibal pushes his substantial girth inside. After the initial breach, he clasps his hot hands over Will's hips and pushes him down. Will groans as he sinks all the way onto Hannibal's cock, until he's buried deep. He can feel him pulsing, feel his own muscles clenching all around him. "Fuck," he gasps as Hannibal begins a slow, thorough pace.

Winston whinnies from her place across the campsite and turns her back to the rutting witchers. She bends her neck and munches on a patch of sweet grass, already looking forward to all the treats Hannibal will sneak her when they get to Novigrad.

Much later, Will watches Hannibal knock on a familiar door, and then he watches as a familiar face appears behind it. Through the crack, Jimmy Price peers at the witchers, the whites of his eyes shining as recognition hits. He swings the door open and waves his hand frantically to usher them quickly inside. Will hides a laugh behind his hand as they're herded within the tailor shop, uncharacteristically empty for typical business hours.

"I can't believe it," Jimmy gushes, his measuring tape nearly strangling him when he whips his head around to holler at the back room door. "Brian! Ghosts!"

There is a loud crashing sound that comes from the back of the shop, and then the door bangs open and a tall, curly haired fellow stumbles through it, a sword held in front of him for battle. "Where?!" he yells, eyes frantic as he looks at Jimmy, who is clutching his stomach and laughing so hard it is completely silent, only his teary eyes and shaking shoulders a clue of his mirth.

Brian slowly looks from the deranged Jimmy to the two witchers standing beside him with barely contained smiles of their own. Jimmy chokes on a cackle and claps his hands loudly together. "You were going to slay the ghosts!" he wheezes.

"He's incredibly brave," Will comments, and Jimmy nods his concurrence.

Only Hannibal shakes his head, lips twisting between a grin and a frown. "That sword would not hold up against a ghost," he says, clicking his tongue at Brian Zeller with disapproval.

"Can we," Brian begins, breathing heavily and dropping his sword with a noisome clatter, "move past me trying gallantly to protect my partner and focus on the two dead men in our shop?"

Jimmy rushes towards him and strokes his back fondly. "I'm so touched," he says, followed by a snigger and a, "They don't look dead to me."

Brian shakes his head and pushes Jimmy away, but he's smiling now. "No, they look extremely alive. Funny, because I could have sworn everyone was vowing they'd seen them die."

"I remember hearing that, as well," says Jimmy, stroking his chin with a thoughtful hand. "Alana kept coming over here drunk, and I'd have to babysit her."

"While I went to get Margot to fetch her. Such a lightweight, that Alana," Brian says.

"Well, she's so small. It's no wonder," says Jimmy and Brian nods sagely. "She would be so pleased to know you two are still running around."

Brian elbows Jimmy in the waist. "Getting into all kinds of trouble."

"Most of which involves you both losing the beautiful clothes we've crafted for you. I see you've settled on the scruffy vagabond look since your deaths," Jimmy quips, and Hannibal and Will both look over their attire with worried frowns.

“Perhaps we have been less diligent with keeping up appearances since our supposed deaths,” Hannibal admits with a slight rise of his brow, “but one finds it is harder to groom oneself properly when---”

“---when you’ve got a cock up your ass,” Will finishes with a flourish of his hand.

Jimmy gasps and clasps his hand over his mouth. “Such a dirty mouth this one has,” he says. “Almost as dirty as his shirt.”

“The shirt that is so oversized, no one even notices the dirt?” Brian adds. “All they do is look at Hannibal and wonder ‘why is this witcher bringing a small child with him everywhere?’”

Will makes a high-pitched sound of bewilderment and looks at Hannibal, but the older witcher is too busy studying Will’s dirty, too-large shirt to pay his dismay any mind.

“That’s partially why we’re here,” Hannibal says, turning to face the tailors. “I’d like some new clothes made for both of us, and I’d like to see Will in a tighter leather this time.”

“Yes,” Brian says, putting his arm conspiratorially around Hannibal’s shoulders. Hannibal glares at him, and he quickly pulls his arm away, running a hasty hand through his mess of thick curls. “I think a brown, like last time, but a deeper, richer brown.”

“Ooh, yes,” Jimmy says excitedly. “Something that says, ‘I’m young and beautiful and everyone wants to have their way with me, but I’m also super tough. Ooh, but I also have a heart of gold.’”

“Raw and reckless and ready for action,” Brian says much too seriously, and Will’s eyebrows crease worriedly.

Hannibal looks pleased, however, and he nods happily. “Perfect,” he says, “but I must remind you that if you mention to anyone at all that either of us is alive, let alone here in Novigrad, I will kill you both.”

The tailors laugh.

“Excellent. We shall also be needing something different from you this evening,” Hannibal continues. He wraps an arm around Will’s waist and pulls him close. “We have business in the city and no one can recognize us.”

“You don’t say?” Jimmy asks, curiosity making his head cock to the side as he thumbs his measuring tape. “Brian, didn’t we get some new material in this morning?”

“You mean the material that might be perfect for this very particular occasion of stealth?” Brian asks thoughtfully, and Jimmy winks at Will, who rolls his eyes and looks up at Hannibal who is basically bristling with anticipation.

“Yes, the very same,” Jimmy says, and he waves his hand at Brian, who scurries amiably to the back room. Then Jimmy Price beams at the two witchers, looking happier than either has ever seen. “You’re going to love it.”

–

“Hannibal?” Will asks as they walk through the city gates and enter Novigrad proper. They walk past the guards with ease, Hannibal even paying them a slight head bow. Will struggles not to adjust his top, but it’s so tight that no matter how many times he tugs on it, it keeps riding up his midriff. When they’ve walked by the guards with no more attention than an appreciative nod and slight intake of breath at the sight of Will’s scantily clad backside, Hannibal allows himself a snicker of amusement, and he looks at the young man by his side, covered in sequins.

“Yes, Will?”

“I don’t love it,” Will grumps, and the stretchy, shiny, crazily gaudy, sapphire-sequined top shifts further up Will’s flat tummy. The stretchy shorts he has adorned (rather against his will) are so small as to hardly earn the title of shorts at all, and what he wears, really, might be more comfortable being referred to as underwear, because Will is more than sure his ass cheeks are hanging from the silver and blue striped, awful, too-tight things.

Hannibal, who is in fantastic spirits, actually pats Will on the head. “I think you look luminous,” he gentles sweetly, twirling one of Will’s curls around his finger. “Sparkling, even. One is almost blinded by your beauty. I have never seen you shine quite so brightly.”

“Oh, you’re funny,” Will hisses. He is so busy glaring at Hannibal that he trips over his knee-high, platform boots and nearly falls face-first on the cobblestones, but Hannibal catches him. He brushes at Will’s sequined shoulders after he’s righted him once more, and Will sighs with exasperation, but still moves his fingers to hook into the other man’s elastic pants. “It’s not fair,” he laments childishly. “You don’t have nearly as many sequins as me.”

It’s true. Hannibal is wearing something extremely close to a bodysuit, skin tight and shimmering black. He does not have boots, but is shoeless. There are a few sequins padding his shoulders and trimming his waist, but the sequins are tastefully black. Not fair at all.

“I am a tumbler, Will,” Hannibal sighs as if he’s had to say it a hundred times already. “You are a dancer.” He pulls Will’s hair, bending his head back to kiss his mouth.

Will whines, but returns the kiss. When Hannibal releases his lips, Will grunts discontentedly. “Why do I have to be the dancer? I look like a prostitute.”

The corners of Hannibal’s kiss-swollen lips turn up as he straightens his back and links arms with Will. They continue down the populated street, drawing notice certainly, but it is only the enraptured notice paid to any couple of troubadours. “Please don’t talk like that,” Hannibal warns. “I fear my own ensemble leaves very little room for discretion.”

Will’s eyes drift down Hannibal’s figure, settling around the sizable bulge, and he licks his lips. He feels his own interest twitch uncomfortably within his sequin shorts, and smothers the fantasy. For now. He tears his eyes from Hannibal’s crotch, always a boast-worthy feat in itself, and searches the street before them. It is dark, and the shops are aglow with sidewalk torchlight, and music is seeping into the air from every direction. Will has never been so calm and unbothered in Novigrad before, and he’s filled with sudden, overwhelming happiness. He

grabs Hannibal's hand and doesn't let go as they walk casually through the throng of people. Just a couple of troop members, taking a stroll to the theatre. Definitely not witchers in disguise on their way to get hitched.

Hannibal points at a clutter of flyers pinned to the town square notice board, and Will sees his own face staring back at him from cream-hued parchment. They exchange knowing looks and breeze through the square, pausing only briefly at a merchant for Hannibal to buy a flower. After pressing a dull crown into the bespectacled merchant's hand, Hannibal leads Will away from the nighttime festivities and tucks the flower, dusky rose, behind Will's ear.

"I bet you buy all of your apprentices flowers," Will says, leaning against the hand that cups his cheek.

"I do," Hannibal confirms, smoothing his thumb over Will's plush bottom lip. "And I make them all wear that outfit."

"Oh yeah?" asks Will, his sweet voice painted with a wickedness only Hannibal can detect. "I bet you make them do all sorts of unspeakable acts, don't you?" He bites at the thumb dipping into his mouth. "Master Witcher," he whispers, looking up at Hannibal through a thick curl of lashes.

"Will," Hannibal growls. He leans into the younger man's neck and breathes in his scent, deep and heavy in his lungs. "Stop it or I'll be arrested for indecency before we have the chance to get married. And then I'll be angry."

Will can't help himself from slapping Hannibal's ass before he puts distance between them with a big smile. "I'm sorry, Master," he coos enticingly, ducking out of Hannibal's reach when the man grabs for him. "I want to be a good boy for you, but I'm so so naughty."

"You're incorrigible," Hannibal says and he grasps Will by the waist and begins walking them down the street, side by side. Will can only guess that they're headed toward a church of some kind, but Hannibal refuses to answer him with any definites, merely grunting and shrugging like a simpleton whenever Will pokes at him with a question. Will is alight with pleasure, wonderfully aware that Hannibal is trying with all his might to keep his erection at bay, especially after Will drops his flower and has to bend over slowly to retrieve it.

But Hannibal is not the only one to spy Will's perfectly shaped derriere when he scoops the flower carefully from the cobblestone, and before anything can be done, if there was ever anything to be done in such a situation, a pretty blonde woman runs up to Will and slaps his sequined buttocks.

Hannibal's hand flies to his sword, which he is not wearing, and Will laughs delightedly, thinking that it is Hannibal's hand that has left such heat across the flesh of his ass. When he looks over his shoulder, he jumps in surprise, almost crushing his flower. The woman is scowling with her hands on her hips. Will looks up at Hannibal as he weaves the flower back behind his ear. His companion looks a tad unhinged, which means, for Hannibal, he is very much unhinged, most likely torn between the pros and cons of killing innocents.

Before he can decide in what way to slaughter the woman before them, Will intervenes. “I assume there was a horsefly or some other perilous something or other near my backside that needed eliminating and you were kind enough to swat it for me,” he tries, and the woman flips her shiny blonde hair over her shoulder before reaching out her hands and grabbing Will’s ear, as well as Hannibal’s. It is only by the blessing of pure shock, Will is sure, that the woman is spared Hannibal’s wrath at being manhandled. The woman drags them both by the ear toward the building behind her until they are standing in the doorway. She releases them, and they both rub at the nail marks embedded in the soft flesh of their abused lobes. Hannibal sneers at the woman.

“What is the meaning of this?” Hannibal asks, his voice bubbling with rage just beneath his carefully constructed surface of calm.

“I should be asking YOU that same question,” the woman roars, pushing them both inside with a snarl. “You were supposed to show up here an hour ago! Folk come here for a certain something, and when they don’t get it, I lose coin. You’ve made me lose coin tonight, and I’m none too pleased.” She thrusts her fancily manicured finger into Hannibal’s chest. “You,” she orders, “you play. And you,” she says, swinging around to take Will by the arm, “will dance. On the stage. Now.”

Will turns to Hannibal with wide eyes, equal measure horrified and amused. There is nothing either of them can do at this point, or at least, neither of them can think of anything to do to get them out of this. Later, they will blame their attire for their poor decision making, but now, Hannibal narrows his eyes at the blonde tavern owner and accepts the flute she presses into his hands. Will stumbles towards the stage over the bar, his platform boots slippy and sticky on the alcohol-drenched surface.

The woman claps her hands and the patrons look up disinterestedly from their mugs. She stares daggers at Hannibal until he lifts the flute to his lips, then he arches his brows at her. She smirks and addresses the humble crowd. “Sorry about the wait,” she says, her voice reaching to the far corners of the room with easy command. “But our talent is here now. Everyone, I introduce to you, the stunning exotic dancer, all the way from Rivia, The Desert Rose!”

It is in that moment, when Will is standing awkwardly on the stage, the lights catching flirtatiously in his sequins, that he realizes this is not a tavern, but a brothel, and he is The Desert Rose, a stripper. When Hannibal begins to play the flute, it is with perfect precision, and Will is not surprised at all. He is surprised when someone throws a crown at him from the audience and yells, “Shake your ass, Rosie!”

He looks at Hannibal, who is definitely smiling behind the flute as he looks at Will expectantly. The tune picks up, one Will knows from Dimmond’s troop, and he takes a shaky step forward on the stage. For one disgruntled customer, Will’s hesitant step is not nearly enough bang for his buck and he pounds his fist on the table in front of him and yells at the blonde woman, “What is this, Carrie? What happened to the trollop from last week?”

Another patron, a woman, hollers her agreement. “Yeah, at least she knew how to dance. I’ve heard of the Desert Rose. He’s supposed to belly dance.”

Will gulps, frantically looks back to Hannibal for guidance. All he does is stare at Will with that damn glint in his eyes. Will looks at the woman, Carrie, and bites his lip. She flaps a frustrated hand at him before making a few, slightly more obscene gestures in his general direction.

He makes a mental note to kill Price and Zeller at his earliest convenience, and then juts his hip to the side. Will has not had many opportunities for dancing, and when he did dance, it was tucked securely in Hannibal's arms. He has never belly danced. But he has seen it done, and Will is nothing if he is not brilliant, beautiful, and completely capable of meeting an audience's expectations.

And then some.

He lifts his arms over his head and switches his stance and then languidly rolls his hips, lifting up on his booted toe and bending one knee.

The audience, for they are an audience now, watches with fine-tuned attention, leaning close, their knuckles white around their mugs. Will feels a tingle building in his gut, and he steps forward with a shifting, thrusting hip, rolls his wrists like snakes twirling above him. His stomach, exposed from his rocking hips, twists in a way he hopes is exotic. He hears no complaints from his starry-eyed onlookers, and as they continue to stare at him, the tingling begins to wash through his body, making his skin itch, slightly fevered. Hannibal's melody is intoxicating, and Will bends to it effortlessly now, his arms flowing delicately at his sides while he moves his hips in small, alluring circles. He turns so his back faces the audience and pops his bottom out, in, out, and then he is twirling in a carefully restrained, rolling-hipped turn, his hands held out, palms up. His chest caves in and then extends, repeats in a lolling rhythm that has the spectators in awe. But Will hardly notices them now, now that the tingles are shooting through his veins and the music is pushing him to dance. He lets his upper body fold down and brushes his fingers along the floor, then flips up, his curls bouncing around his flushed face. The man so unsatisfied before tosses an entire coin purse on to the stage and stands, applauding. Others follow. Soon, everyone is standing, eyes bright as they cluster as close to the stage as they can A few reach out to try and touch Will, but he extends and pulls back his ankle teasingly, shaking his hips and batting his eyelashes as he flows through the dance effortlessly.

By the edge of the stage, Hannibal is watching Will with an increased feeling of worry. His soon-to-be-husband is writhing to the music like he's never known another profession, like he IS the Desert Rose. He is so skilled, in fact, that for a preposterous moment, Hannibal wonders if he could actually BE the Desert Rose, but it is preposterous and it is only for a moment. No, Hannibal decides when he sees Will jut his groin toward an eager-eyed patron (female, not his type at all), something other is happening. He wishes Jimmy had not convinced him to remove his wolf head medallion, for he has a sneaking suspicion it would be trembling right about now.

Never once during his pondering has Hannibal paused in his flute playing, but he does so now, eyeing the blonde brothel owner curiously, gauging her reaction. When the music stops, she turns to him, her lips thinned in a severely straight line. Will, oddly enough, continues to dance, and the audience doesn't even seem to notice the music has stopped. The woman

notices Hannibal noticing this and takes a slight step back, but she is too slow, and before she can slink away, he has her against the wall, holding the flute up against her throat to lightly choke her.

“Pardon me, but would you like to tell me exactly what is happening here? Carrie, was it?” Hannibal asks calmly, and she chokes until he loosens the flute enough for her to draw a deeper breath.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” she says, swatting wildly at his forearms for him to release her. He doesn’t. She stares up at him and finally notices his eyes, which are partially obscured by contacts from Zeller, but impossible to completely hide, their odd brightness only seen in the eyes of a witcher. “You’re a witcher?” she asks, visibly crestfallen. “Of all the people, I end up with a bloody witcher in my brothel!”

He grins viciously. “Two witchers,” he corrects her, nodding his head sharply to Will, who is rocking his hips back and forth so beautifully Hannibal is almost too distracted to notice Carrie’s muttered words. Almost. He shakes her, banging her head against the wall. “So that’s it,” he says, dropping the flute to grip her roughly by the arms. “You’re a sorceress.”

“Ugh,” she groans beneath his hold and tries, fruitlessly, to shake herself free.

“What have you done to my companion?” Hannibal demands.

“Nothing!” she lies through gritted teeth. “He’s just dancing!”

“To no music,” Hannibal growls, his voice low and dangerous. “He’s under a spell. Probably a spell to dance all night long so your brothel can make lots of money, am I right?” He shakes her until she nods. “Not the worst enchantment I’ve encountered, but horribly inconvenient, I’m afraid. You see, we don’t have all evening to perform for you. We’re supposed to be married tonight. So unless you want your head on a spike outside your brothel, I suggest you release him right now so we can be on our way.”

She sighs. “It’s not that simple.”

“What do you mean?”

“The spell is meant to sustain itself,” she explains. “The more he dances, the more energy the patrons feed into the magic, the more he dances, and so on and so forth. The only way to break it is to fully pull the attention of the audience away from the talent.”

They both turn to watch Will, who is currently swishing about the stage with colorful scarves. Hannibal wonders where he got them. And wonders how anyone could ever want to stare at anything else. With an angry grunt, he tightens his nails into the sorceress’ arms until she cries out.

“How do I distract them?” he asks her, and her very serious face finally breaks out into a grin.

“You’ll have to make your performance more enticing than his,” she tells him. “I’ll help you, but you have to promise not to kill me once your boyfriend is free.”

Hannibal releases her, shoving her into the wall, and runs his fingers through his hair in frustration. He looks at Will, who is thrusting gracefully, a sheen of sweat on his forehead. “Fine,” he says, and then he walks to the stage to join Will.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,” Carrie the Sorceress calls, her voice booming loudly, “feast your eyes on our new talent of the evening. The famed stripper from Temeria, Shadow!”

Hannibal scowls at her and thinks he could have come up with a much more interesting stage name than that, but decides to let it go for now. There are other things to worry about, like how the audience didn’t even seem to hear her and how neither they nor Will has noticed his presence on the stage. He is not a belly dancer. There is no hope he can sway the audience to his favor by trying to emulate Will’s trance-like performance. If he is going to distract, he must be extreme, and he must showcase his own talents.

One thing Hannibal is very confident in is his ability to stun Will into a stupor when he bares himself. Therefore, Shadow must remove his clothing. He glances at Carrie and motions toward the discarded flute. She scurries to pick it up and begins to play. The audience doesn’t notice, of course, and Will carries on, completely unaware, but Hannibal listens to the melody, and when he catches it, slowly begins moving his hips in sync. No one notices him as he sways on his side of the stage and slowly runs his hands over his chest and down his thighs. No one notices when he loosens his braid from its leather tie and flips his hair. No one notices when he slinks to the front of the stage, past a spinning Will, and no one notices when he hooks his thumbs into the waist band of his skintight black leggings.

But when Hannibal tugs at the bottom of his shirt and peels it from his torso, a few interested eyes dart in his direction. He smiles and removes the top completely, casting it to the floor where it shines darkly amongst the sticky ale puddles. His broad chest catches the light and gleams golden, and when he turns to showcase his strong back, more eyes fall upon his figure instead of Will’s. Slowly, teasingly, he slides his fingers into his pants and draws them down, until his ass is revealed to several gasps of pleasure. Hannibal steps from the stretchy pants completely, kicking them into the audience, still not turning around. He knows people are watching, because, from the corner of his eye, Hannibal can see Will, whose dancing has slowed considerably. He still shakes his hips, but the motion is more jolted, not nearly as smooth. Hannibal peeks over his shoulder, feigning shyness, letting everyone who wants to check out his plump ass do so, which is almost everyone in the room now, the sorceress included. When the tension is high and palpable, he finally begins to turn, his hands fanned out to hide his cock, which is beginning to grow in desire after a few glances at Will’s bucking hips.

He takes a deep breath and removes the cover of his large hands, revealing a fully erect, impressively large cock, red and swollen and twitching.

The sorceress drops her flute. Every eye is plastered to Hannibal’s arousal, including Will’s, who has stopped dancing mid-twirl, and now gapes, mesmerized by the sight of his exposed companion. Everyone stares. And then a slow clap begins, picks up speed, and everyone in the brothel is applauding Hannibal’s naked body. He takes a bow, grabs Will’s wrist and drags them both from the stage, picking up his pile of clothes on the way. They push past the

sorceress, Hannibal only pausing long enough to sneer, and then they are out in the back alley behind the brothel.

Will is breathless and sweaty from his performance and his eyes are slightly glazed, but when Hannibal bends over to pull up his pants, Will pounces, knocking them both to the ground.

“Hannibal, what just happened? I don’t remember anything but multi-colored scarves and you exposing yourself in public,” he panted, pulling at his shorts with one hand and sticking his fingers in Hannibal’s mouth.

Hannibal sucks on them obediently, and watches as Will slides them free to press at the cleft of his ass. The pretty nymph astride him barely works himself open before he is fisting Hannibal’s hard length and sinking onto it. Will groans as he works himself down slowly.

“It was a sorceress,” Hannibal moans, Will’s tight heat encompassing his cock. “A spell. Mmm. I had to distract them,” he says, just barely getting out the words.

Will settles on him, and when Hannibal is utterly sheathed, they both breathe deeply, relishing in the feeling of the other. “You mean we went to Novigrad and something bad happened?” Will asks, beginning to lift up on his thighs, slowly riding up Hannibal’s length. “How unexpected.” He slams himself roughly back down, and laughs when Hannibal can’t contain his cry.

“I was treated to the sight of you belly dancing,” Hannibal whispers harshly, “so I don’t know if this should be considered something ‘bad.’” The sides of his mouth twinge with a threatening smile. “My beautiful Desert Rose.”

Will remembers his dance as if through a haze, with just enough detail to bring a dusky blush to his cheeks. He touches the flower, still in his hair, and removes it, placing it in Hannibal’s instead, which is still free from it binding. Flower secure, Will leans over to kiss Hannibal’s mouth before pushing back to ride him roughly.

Hannibal’s fingers bruise into the soft skin of his hips as Will guides himself up and down on Hannibal’s cock. The sequins of Will’s pushed-aside shorts scrape against Hannibal’s sensitive skin, and when Will drags his fingernails over his chest, Hannibal holds his boy tight against him and comes. Will continues to use him, but when Hannibal wraps his hand around the base of Will’s ignored cock, he comes immediately, shooting hot ribbons of semen across Hannibal’s hairy chest.

They breathe heavily and Will collapses over him, kissing every inch of skin he can reach without having to move. A few drunks stumble past them, and Hannibal finally removes his softened cock from Will’s hole. Will caresses the side of Hannibal’s face and they kiss.

“I think I’ve proven I’ll fuck you anywhere,” Will says. Then he reaches behind them and throws Hannibal his clothes. “Let’s go get married.”

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After a few minutes of dressing, hair-braiding, and searching, the two witchers begin to shuffle dejectedly back through the Novigrad gates. The chapels are all closed. They can't get married.

When they make their way to Winston, who has been waiting for them by the tailor shop, Hannibal feeds her an apple while Will knocks on the door. If they can't get married tonight, at least they can put some decent clothes back on.

The door finally opens and Brian pops his face out into the night. When he sees it's Will and Hannibal, he waves them inside.

"I've never seen anyone so sad in so many sequins," Jimmy says as he pours them all a drink. He hands Will his glass first and pats him encouragingly on the back. "Did your disguises not work?"

"Oh, they worked," Will says. He downs his drink in seconds and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. "Worked a little too well, maybe."

Hannibal gets his drink next and shoots it back in a single gulp. He sighs and hands it back to Jimmy, who looks slightly confused. "We did not accomplish our goal for the evening," he says.

"Mind if I ask what the goal was?" says Jimmy as he pours more liquor into the glasses.

"Marriage," Will and Hannibal say at the same time, their heads bowed low in defeat.

"Marriage?" Jimmy asks brightly. "Brian can marry you! He's ordained!"

"What?" Will asks, lifting his head so quickly it makes him dizzy, but it was possible his clothes were genuinely too tight and slowly depleting his air supply. "Can you, Brian?"

Brian nods enthusiastically. "I do all the elf weddings around here," he says. "I can have you two married in no time."

Hannibal looks at Will, and they share a small smile.

"I told you I'd marry you anywhere," Will says.

After dressing in their proper witcher attire (the new, finely made, custom gear), and outfitting Winston with a pretty pink hair ribbon, they stand holding hands by the river. Brian reads from a tiny, pocket-sized tome, and Jimmy wipes at his eyes with a lacey handkerchief. Winston snorts sweetly when Will says 'I do,' and Hannibal follows shortly after.

Hannibal kisses his husband beneath the sparkling night sky, before scooping him into his arms and tossing him into the saddle. Will squeaks with delight when Hannibal hoists himself in behind him and wraps his arms firmly around Will's waist.

Will shivers when he feels the warm kiss pressed lovingly against his neck. “Would you like to hold the reins, my husband?” Hannibal asks right by his ear.

Will leans against him and twists his head just enough to kiss him, and then he turns excitedly back around in the saddle and picks up Winston’s reins.

“Where should we go?” Will asks.

Hannibal squeezes Will’s waist and tucks his head against his neck. “Anywhere,” he finally answers. “I’ll love you anywhere.”

End Notes

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